

# BILLY WHISKERS

By FRANCES MONTGOMERY

Billy was enjoying the view from the Eiffel tower when he heard footsteps coming up the stairs and he knew that the soldiers were after him.

Quick as a wink he ran to the elevator, jumped in, shut the door as before and, pushing the lever in the opposite direction from which he had before, the car shot downward with terrific speed, but not too fast for Billy to see the soldiers climbing the stairs after him.

The minute the car passed them they turned and ran down the steps as fast as they had come up, but to no use. Billy reached the bottom before they were half way down, and in a second he had slipped the door back and was out in the street, running as fast as he could to get out of sight of the soldiers. He did not look where he was going, but ran straight down the street that lay before him, and it was a lucky thing for him that he did, else he never would have found his way back to camp. But as he increased his speed, he soon came to some buildings he recognized as having passed when he entered the city with old Nannie. Watching for landmarks, he presently came to the city gates, through which he went like a shot for fear of being stopped. He did run into an old man and knocked him over, and hooked a dog out of his path, but with these exceptions he got through all right and soon was back in camp, where he found all was animation, for the regiment had been ordered up to the front and they were packing up preparatory to leaving that night.

"Praise be to de Lord!" exclaimed an old darky servant of the Captain's. "Ef dere don't come our shuah nuff mascot, Billy Whiskers! Whar you been, you ol' rascal? Don't you know Massa Tom been lookin' fo' you eberywhar? And him done gone nigh crazy a feah you won't turn up befoh dis heah regimint done goin' break camp and disappiah like de blown chaff!"

### Into the Cars

In the dead of night the regiment boarded freight cars and in the darkness the train slipped out of Paris, all unknown to the populace. But every soldier suspected the regiment was going to the West front somewhere in France.

The soldiers were terribly crowded and uncomfortable in the cars, but no one complained and each made the best of it and rolled himself up in his army blankets as well as he could, for the night was chilly.

Billy, being the mascot, was not shipped in a cattle car by himself, but was allowed to go in with the men, for which privilege Billy and Tom were truly thankful, because Tom could then keep his eye on Billy and see that he did not run away, and when Billy lay down he could use him as a pillow.

All night long they jolted along on the bare floor of the car, the train stopping on a sidetrack now and then to let a special train speed by.

In the early hours of the morning they stopped for the men to be served hot coffee and hardtack. Then on again they went until they were all stiff and tired and hungry, and longed to reach their journey's end, wherever it might be.

At last the train pulled into a little village where all one saw were peasant women, children and dogs, with a few crippled soldiers hobbling around on crutches and with canes. The soldiers were waiting for their train to pull out when the door of the car was thrown open and the command to disembark was given. This they did quickly, and after a short march they entered a new camp on the edge of the village.

### Like Thunder

"It must be going to rain," said Billy to himself, "for I hear thunder all the time. I can't see any lightning, and the sky is as blue as can be and over toward the east, where the sound comes from, there seems to be fast-moving white clouds that do not look at all like storm clouds."

Billy was so hungry when mess came that he ate everything the soldiers left, and he thought to himself: "I could even eat the tin cans some people think goats eat." But, thanks to Tom, he was at last filled up and then he went on a tour of exploration.

Not finding anything very different or new in this camp than in the one at home, he tried to pass the sentinel and go into the town, but try as he would, he could not dodge the sharp eye of the sentinel. So he went back to Tom and after tagging him about for a while, he lay down and fell fast asleep. To his astonishment when he awoke it was dark, and his supper was on a piece of paper under his nose. Again the thoughtful Tom had let him sleep and put his supper where he could find it. After eating, he got up and was stretching himself when such a display of stars, hurtling bombs and rockets as he had never heard or seen went up on the western horizon, followed by more thunder and the shivering of shells. It was deafening, and finally made the earth beneath him tremble.

"Well, I declare! These French people must be having a big celebration of some kind, and they must be shooting off all their fireworks, sky rockets and so forth, at once, so as to have it over before the rain comes, which that thunder says is surely on the way. Gee whiz! Look at the airships and balloons that are flying around! And they are really shooting from them! That excitement over there is too much for me. I must get there and see what it is all about before it is over. Sentry or no sentry, I am going to go!"

Billy crept cautiously to the entrance of the camp and, as he expected, there stood the sentinel stiff as a ramrod, but the man had his back to Billy.

"Now is my chance," thought Billy. "I'll butt him over before he knows I am anywhere around, and he is standing so stiffly that he will fall

face forward. Before he can get up I'll run over him and disappear."

Biff! went a big butt in the middle of the sentinel's back, and, as Billy had figured, the man fell over on his face as if he had been a wooden soldier struck by a club.

Over his prostrate form bounded Billy and out of the camp gate he ran at a speed before the sentinel could collect his wits, jump up and grab his gun, intending to shoot whoever had saved him such a trick. All he saw was the mascot of the regiment galloping down the road. Of course he could not fire on him, though he did feel like it for the fright he had given him, to say nothing of the terrific butt.

Billy ran and ran and ran, and though he was a fast runner he did not seem to get any nearer the fire-works he was bent on seeing at close range. Presently he heard a peculiar noise behind him and the earth began to tremble. Turning to look back, he saw a company of soldiers all running in perfect line straight down the road toward him.

"Get! I better get out of the road!" and he ran to one side and squeezed himself close up to the fence.

### Frenchmen

On, on they came, but as they passed not an eye turned to look at him. Every eye was bent straight ahead and the men were running beautifully—shoulders thrown back, chests thrown out and chins up, with a certain rhythmic movement of the body.

The minute they passed, Billy tagged on behind, for he saw that they were French soldiers.

"Well, I'll be gum squizzled! What a fool I've been! Here I have been thinking I was looking at fireworks while all the time I have been seeing a real battle, and these soldiers must be reinforcements being hurried to the front. Here I came over with the army to fight, and when I hear cannon for the first time I think it is thunder and the bursting bombs and shrapnel fireworks at a celebration! Billy, Billy, you are an old fool! I don't care if it is a battle! I am going to see it at close range, just as if it were only a Fourth of July celebration. Only I wish Tom were here to see it with me. Jimmy crickets! That was a bang that aeroplane's pilot sent out! And goodness me, if it hasn't hit that German plane that was chasing it! And the German machine is falling, falling, falling, and black speck is I see flying? I bet it is the man who was flying the plane. And there goes a balloon up in flames! This is getting exciting. I wish I could fly so I could get to the front sooner. I can't make my legs go fast enough. But I will soon be there, for I smell powder."

[Friday we'll tell how Billy comes to the front line trenches and gets all the excitement he wants.]

## Local Veterans At L. A. Initiation

At a joint meeting of the Spanish-American War Veterans and the Ladies' Auxiliary several candidates were initiated by the Los Angeles drill team.

Distinguished out-of-town guests were Departmental Commander Galbraith and Adjutant La Fibre, of Los Angeles.

Local folks present were Attorney A. W. Mueller and S. A. Boone, of Lomita, and Charles Throckmorton, Mrs. George Watson, and Mrs. W. C. Von Hagen, of Torrance.

## CIGARS DUE FROM JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, MATHILDE GIVES HIM GREAT GRANDCHILD



Mathilde McCormick Oser and her husband, Max.

Will John D. Rockefeller send congratulations to the mother of his great grandchild? Society is wondering. Mathilde McCormick Oser, whose marriage to Max Oser, Swiss riding master, John D. thought ill-advised, is the mother of a daughter, born in Paris. Neither of Mathilde's parents, Harold F. McCormick, harvester king, and his divorced wife, Edith Rockefeller McCormick, were present at the birth, both being in this country. Mathilde, then 18, married the middle-aged riding master a year ago, after precipitating a war in her family by announcing that she intended to do so.

## Mme. Galli-Curci Will Sing At Open Concert June 5th

Announcement is made by Manager Behymer of the engagement of Alfred Hertz to conduct the operatic concert to be given by Amelia Galli-Curci Thursday evening, June 5, at the Hollywood Bowl, Los Angeles. This completes the artistic details of what promises to be the greatest musical event ever held in Southern California, representing as it does the appearance of the most popular of the coloratura singers, with a leader of international fame, an orchestra of 90, accommodations for 15,000 music fans, and all at popular prices.

Hertz is already a favorite locally. For many years sharing honors at the Metropolitan opera with the great Toscanini, he was first brought to California by Manager Behymer to conduct the prize opera "Fairyland." His success was so pronounced that he was engaged on a long-term contract as conductor of the San Francisco Symphony, a post he has held ever since. Summer before last he returned to Los Angeles to conduct the first season of the Hollywood Bowl concerts.

Galli-Curci is now singing in the northwest, returning to California June 1, when Alfred Hertz will join her party and journey to Los Angeles. As there will be special rail and electric services from all cities adjoining Los Angeles, many parties are being arranged. Special traffic service at the entrance and for two blocks either side of the entrance will facilitate the movements of the hundreds of motor cars. Inside the grounds

there will be specially trained captains and assistants to insure the prompt seating of the patrons in anticipation of a prompt opening at 8:30. Never before has such a gala musical affair at popular prices, so everyone may go, been attempted in Los Angeles. Special attention is directed to the mail order service for out-of-town patrons. All checks should be made payable to L. E. Behymer and sent to 705 Auditorium building, where they will be filed in order of receipt. For the return of tickets, self-addressed stamped envelopes must be enclosed with order.

There will be hundreds of seats at all prices—\$1, \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50, plus tax; but as the \$1 tickets are unserved it is advisable to order the other prices by mail, as then the seats will be awaiting even the latest arrival.

### TAKES A HAND

Jimmy found much to criticize in his small sister. He felt forced to remonstrate with his mother.

"Don't you want Jenny to be a good wife like you when she grows up?" he demanded. His mother nodded assent.

"Then you better get busy, ma. You make me give in to her all the time 'cause I'm bigger 'en she is. You're smaller 'en pa, but when he comes in you bring him his slippers, and hand him the paper." Jimmie yanked his go-cart from baby Jennie and disregarded her wail of anger as he continued: "Got to disipline her, or she'll make an awful wife!"

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